

BLUE GRASS BLADE.

EDITED BY A HEATHEN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS.

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Charles L. Moore
Editor

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a year each for any order for FIVE
or more. Sample copies will be sent
free.

"THE DAMNED STUFF CALLED ALCOHOL."

I believe that alcohol, to a certain
degree, demoralizes those who make
it, those who sell it, and those who
drink it.

I believe from the time it issues
from the coiled and poisonous worm
of the distillery until it empties into
the hell of crime, death and dishonor,
it demoralizes everybody that touches
it.

I do not believe that anybody can
contemplate the subject without be-
coming prejudiced against this liquid
crime.

All you have to do is to think of
the death—of the suicides of the in-
sanity, of the poverty of the ignorance,
of the distress, of the little children
tugging at the faded dresses of weeping
and despairing wives, asking for
bread; of the men of genius it has
wrecked; of the millions who have
struggled with its devilish thing.

And when you think of the jails,
of the almshouses, of the prisons, and
of the scaffolds upon either bank, I do
not wonder that every thoughtful man
is prejudiced against the damned stuff
called alcohol.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

"Keep Church and State forever
separate."—Gerrit.

"In no sense whatsoever is this gov-
ernment founded upon the Christian
religion."—Washington.

"The divorce between Church and
State should be absolute."—Garfield.

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DR. J. B. WILSON OF CINCINNATI

AS AMERICAN DELEGATE TO
THE INTERNATIONAL FREE-
THOUGHT CONGRESS TO
BE HELD IN ROME.

ITALY, IN SEPTEMBER 304, (1904).

The London Freethinker gives a
graphic and inspiring report of the
International Free Thought Congress
held in Geneva, Switzerland, in Sep-
tember, E. M. 302. If this Congress
had been held in the interest of or-
thodoxy, the press of Christendom
would have rung with praises of its
success, the ability of its delegates,
and the gravity of the questions dis-
cussed. But ignored as it was, its
influence is permeating every vein
and artery in the civilized world. The
Swiss Republic tendered the use of
the University of Geneva for the ses-
sions of the Congress. It is a fact
that the orthodox world should pon-
der that in the City of Calvin, the
most eloquent and thrilling arraig-
ments of superstition ever made in
Christendom were made and applaud-
ed to the echo. Another significant
fact that should arouse American
Freethinkers to action, is that though
four hundred of the most learned
men and women in Europe were dele-
gates to this Congress, yet the United
States which we claim is the storm
center of liberal thought, sent no
representative, and England sent but
one, when her thinkers and scientists
have in great measure revolutionized
the thought of the civilized world and
paralyzed religious superstition. Three
thousand Rationalist organizations
took part in this splendid Congress,
and strange to say, one hundred Free
thought societies from Spain pro-
claimed their allegiance to the In-
ternational Congress. There is some-
thing pathetic in the picture of men
and women in priest-ridden Spain
holding out pleading hands to the na-
tions of the world, to join forces for
the liberation of the human mind.

There is life in that old land yet, and
the human reason is struggling to
free itself from the iron hand of
priestly tyranny. The delegates to
this Congress crowned with flowers
the bust of the learned savant Carl
Vogt, then forming in procession they
marched to the statue of Jean Jac-
ques Rousseau and laid a garland of
flowers at the feet of the citizen phi-
losopher, who from his fiery soul pro-
claimed the doctrine of human rights
with such power that it is a flaming
influence in the human mind today.

The speakers at the International
Congress were in many languages, on
a wide range of subjects, and deliv-
ered by both women and men with pow-
erful eloquence. The stream of pro-
gress is freighted with their influence.
The next International Congress is
to assemble in the shadow of the Vati-
can, on September 20th, E. M. 304,
and the Rationalists of the United
States should at once proceed to be
ably represented there.

The National Liberal Party should
send an able and active delegate to
Rome.
I, here and now, nominate Dr. J.
B. Wilson, of Cincinnati, Ohio, as
American Representative to the In-
ternational Congress, which will convene
in Rome, the "Eternal City," on Sep-
tember 20th, 304. Dr. J. B. Wilson
would be a most fitting representa-
tive from the land of Ingersoll. By
his ability, loyalty, and splendid ser-
vice to the cause of Rationalism, he
stands in the front rank of the liberal
thinkers and writers of the world. He
is keenly alive and informed on all
questions bearing on the moral uplift
of the human race, and is always on
guard to defend mental liberty, and
the human rights of the enslaved and
oppressed. His pen speaks truth
with the combined pathos and polish
of an Emerson and an Ingersoll.

Let the movement now be placed
on foot to send Dr. Wilson to Rome
with a commission to place a wreath
of immortelles at the feet of the im-
mortal Bruno, "whose statue fronts
the Vatican with the sunrise of Lib-
erty upon its face." Here upon the
spot where Bruno was burnt, let this
distinguished American Freethinker
stand, and in words that glow and

burn, offer the homage of his native
land, to the immortal Bruno whose
temple was the universe, and who
spoke to humanity the philosophy of
Nature, which is not a doctrine, but
a destiny.

JOSEPHINE K. HENRY.
Versailles, Ky.

AN IMPORTANT NEWSPAPER CHANGE.

Henry Watterson's Courier-Journal
Announces a New Policy.

During Three Decades the Louis-
ville Courier-Journal has stood unal-
terably before the public as the rep-
resentative of the great commonality
of the people against both the Rob-
ber Baron, seeking through the acce-
sion of ill-gotten money to steal away
the people's liberty by stealing away
their franchise rights, and the
ready tool of the Robber Baron the
bandit politician, masquer-
ading as a Statesman and a
patriot the better to serve the ends of
his master. In fulfilling this high
function it has sometimes had to go
fast and sometimes to go slow, some-
times to cry "onward," and some-
times to cry "halt," sometimes to
drive ahead; but never changing the
directions of its movements and al-
ways true to the underlying principle
of its being, expressed by the sim-
ple demand for "The Greatest Good to
the Greatest Number."

With the advent of the new year,
that is on the first of January, 1903,
the Courier-Journal began a campaign
for which its looks for commanding
results, and the better to reach the
object it has before it, the twice-a-
week edition was changed to a once-
a-week edition, returning to the old
Weekly Courier-Journal, which for a
quarter of a century was literally a
political bible to millions of Ameri-
cans who knew they could trust both
its prescience and its disinterested-
ness.

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By a special arrangement with the
publishers of the Courier-Journal you
can get that paper and the Blue
Grass Blade one year for only \$1.50 a
year.

CHRISTIAN SYSTEM THE FIRST CAUSE OF EVIL

HARRIET M. CLOSZ.

The article by Walter Hurt in the
Blade of November 23, is worthy of
that brilliant reform Editor. I wish
that each word written by him might
be inscribed upon the fly-leaf of every
Bible in Christendom, though even
then, there would be little hope
of its perusal by women.

He asks that women make demands
for the emancipation of femininity,
and says: "Stop railing at religion
long enough to smite the infinite in-
justice practiced against the mothers
of men." No one realizes this "in-
finite injustice" more than women, and
the need for relief is pressing, but to
stop railing at religion would preclude
the possibility of accomplishing the
emancipation of femininity, for wo-
men cannot be freed so long as we
are dominated by the Christian re-
ligion. Indeed, any permanent social
or political reform is impossible while
superstition reigns supreme. Chris-
tian tyranny is the foundation stone
of our present unjust system and not
until it is demolished can the idea of
justice to motherhood prevail. As
long as women can be persuaded
that they were cursed in the begin-
ning by divine decree, pronounced un-
clean by the infinite father and de-
creed by him to misery and subjec-
tion and humiliation by the head of
the house the master of the church
and the ruler of the heavens—just
so long will she worship her destroyer
and continue to subordinate her
life to priestly edicts.

The surface manifestation which
we see in the brutal injustice about
us, is terrible indeed, but we should not
do the very thing the priesthood de-
sires us to do—look only upon the sur-
face for the cause of these afflictions,
but we should probe the malignant
sore to its very depths. For 50 years
the equal suffrage association has
toiled and begged for political justice
only to be sneered at by their male
superiors and opposed by their be-
nighted Christian sisters. For dec-
ades the Temperance Unions have
sought to ameliorate the horrible
condition of the victims of drink. For
centuries the lovers of humanity have
tried to find relief from the demoral-
izing necessity for prostitution. For

years legislators have been petitioned
to grant a legal status to the innocent
victim—the illegitimate issue of our
"double code" system. Time out of
mind the cause of personal, political,
property and domestic rights has
been fought on the platform, in the
press and before the bar—and nearly
always lost. Why? Because we have
not stormed the citadel—the well nigh
impregnable fortress of Christian
tyranny. No progress can be made—
in fact, time is wasted, even though
we capture the outposts seventy times
seven for recruits are constantly sup-
plied who defend to the death their so
called sacred heritage.

For years such atrocities as the
one related by Mr. Hurt, as perpe-
trated against women, have burned
themselves into my heart. I have
sought for the cause long and dili-
gently, and to my mind it is quite
clear—the Jehovah of the Bible
whose mandates have been crystal-
lized into Canon Laws and executed
by a selfish and villainous male hier-
archy, is responsible for every in-
justice suffered by the female sex, and
through this injustice practiced
against women flows naturally the co-
existent evils of social, political and
domestic inequality, and so long as
the club of God's eternal punishment
hereafter, and the goad of the Holy
priesthood's disapproval in this life,
can be used against women, just so
long will the subjection of sex con-
tinue. Until some method of agita-
tion, denunciation or ridicule awak-
ens women to rebellion, little perma-
nent reform can be accomplished. A
sound beating by a brutal husband
should cause a wife to think but with
the assurance that "whom the Lord
loveth he chasteneth," and with the
patience and long suffering on earth as
a passport to heaven, it is not strange
that women are helpless victims. Had
Elizabeth Cady Stanton attacked the
Christian system of religion fifty
years ago as she has done in the past
half dozen years, much greater pro-
gress would have been made and the
political reforms for which she labored
so indefatigably with voice and
pen, would have followed the Chris-
tian reform as a natural and just se-
quence.

I am sure that all women reform-
ers stand ready to denounce to the
limit of their ability the deplorable
conditions which have existed for
eighteen hundred years—stand ready
to continue to work in the future as
they have in the past, with hand and
brain, at home and abroad, in the
Blue Grass Blade, the Christian pa-
per of the independent press of the

persecutions and imprison-
ment of religious and sex reformers
are recent and fresh in the mem-
ory of need repetition, and should
demonstrate to us the tenacious grip
which the Christian superstition has
upon the throats of the human family,
how its ponderous weight has drag-
ged, and is still crushing to the earth
all that is peaceable loving humane,
truthful and just, and while we should
continue unceasingly to brand its
falsehoods, denounce its inequalities,
repudiate its decrees and scorn its
promises for the future, we should
not forget that these are but the out-
growth of the diseased breeding sys-
tem—the surface from the deadly can-
cerous rottenness within, and both wo-
men and men should direct their best
energies toward eliminating the first
cause of all the refined cruelties of
mental and physical torture—The
Christian System.

When the methods of this demor-
alizing system are made inoperative
then will the human race come to a
realization of truth and justice, then
will men and women stand together
in equality and the future genera-
tions will express their best thought
entrained by the by fear of priests
and gods. Then, and not until then,
is permanent improvement possible.

AN EXPLANATION.

Owing to an accident to our Mer-
genthaler Linotype this week, we will
ask our patrons to look over all typog-
raphical errors, and shortage on
reading matter this week. The ma-
chine was so broken that it was nec-
essary to send to New York for an-
other part, which did not arrive un-
til Wednesday morning, thus throw-
ing us behind almost three days.

New Through Car Lines From Mem- phis to the Pacific Coast.

The "Rock Island System," Choctaw,
Oklahoma and Gulf R. R., have
established through personally con-
ducted tourist sleeping car lines to
California and Portland, Oregon.

The California car leaves Memphis
every Tuesday at 9:00 a. m., Little
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3:40 a. m., arriving El Paso, Tex.,
Thursday morning, Los Angeles Fri-
day morning, and San Francisco Sat-
urday morning.

The Portland, Oregon, car leaves
Memphis every Thursday on the
same schedule arriving Denver 7:30
Saturday morning, Ogden Sunday
morning and Portland Monday morn-
ing.

WANTED—The address of Dr. S. H.
S. Sheddski, by Mrs. E. M. O.
Sheddski, of Knightstown, Ind.

MY REPLY

TO DR. WILSON ON SOCIALISM.
HAS THE PRESIDENT OF THE N.
L. P. "FLEW DE COOP?"

In Dr. Wilson's long article on
"Party Problems," in the Blade of
December 7, there is much that is
true and moral, that ought to have
been said, but there is some that is
not true, and there is a little that is
immoral.

It is the height of folly to pretend
to construe Dr. Wilson's article as
being anything else, primarily, than
a defence of Socialism.

I am laboring under great financial
depression; and though I was born
and reared an aristocrat, nearly all
the circumstances and facts of my
life lead me to sympathize with the
poor and prejudice me against the
rich. Nearly all of the friends of my
paper, which is the magna pars mei,
are poor people, and my rich friends,
counting only those "friends indeed
who are friends in need," I can count
on the fingers of one hand.

Yet, while, undoubtedly, Socialism
is a move in favor of the poor, and
against the rich, I am not a Socialist.

My enthusiastic regard—yes, admi-
ration, yea, love, for Dr. Wilson,
would restrain me from making issue
with him except from a sense of duty,
while policy, if I would allow that to
actuate me, would probably dictate
that I should acquiesce in what he
has said.

The first, and probably the only,
thing in what he has said that I must
unqualifiedly repudiate is in the fol-
lowing language:

"I would not give a tinker's dam
for a man who never smoked a cigar,
never took a drink, never kissed but
one woman, and who never voted but
one ticket."

That is an immoral utterance. I
said, recently, in my comment on
some letter that had been written to
men, about boys selling the Blade,
that I wanted this paper to be such
that no man, or woman, could rebuke
anybody for selling it, by pointing
him to any immoral sentiment in it.

Dr. Wilson's only boy, like Mr.
"Doubney's," is a daughter and as
girls are not liable to smoke cigars
or take a drink, his suggestion has
not such import to him as it has to
me who have three boys and only one
daughter.

I am not going to debate the prop-
riety of the use of tobacco and
liquor with Dr. Wilson. It would be a
reflection upon his intelligence.

Of course I do not care a snap
about a man's voting only one ticket,
or voting all the tickets and I have
kissed some very sweet and pretty
women in the presence of my wife
and might do it when she was not
present, but with all the interesting
denunciations of osculation between
the clergy and the pretty sisters of
their flocks, and the scandals that fill
our newspapers growing out of this,
there was no demand that any great
Infield leader, as Dr. Wilson is,
should issue any pronouncement
that seemed to presume there was
danger of any shortage in the regular
supply and demand of kissing, as
there is in coal, for instance.

With my paper, then, barely able
to keep the breath in its little body,
I am in no shape to listen to Infield
homilies on the duty of using to-
bacco and liquor.

A lot of Infidels have tried to in-
fluence me to take out of my paper
the words of Ingersoll against the
"Damned Stuff called Alcohol," and
I can but feel that Dr. Wilson's utter-
ance here was a sop to the liquor Cer-
berus, and I won't have it.

The Doctor says: "Socialism would
not take any man's farm from him,
but it would make him divide the
common heritage which nature has
stowed beneath its surface."

Dr. Wilson or any other man who
lives, or ever did live, or ever will
live, has no more right to make me
divide with him, or with anybody else,
anything that may be under the soil
of my farm than he has to make me
divide the trees, or horses or pigs or
chickens that may be on the top of
the soil of my farm, or than I have to
go to Cincinnati with a gang of Ken-
tucky Christian assassins and at the
points of our six-shooters, make Dr.
Wilson divide the money that he gets
by sticking into the craws of rich
people, at \$10 a stick, with his kid
gloves and silk tie on, drugs some
poor naked, stung, black devil, got

by working for 5 cents a day of 15
hours, under the rays of a tropical
sun, and Dr. Wilson, or any other man
with half the "hoss sense" that a
mule has, knows this as well as I do.

Dr. Wilson, for a little stick under
my "fifth rib," suggested by the story
of Ehud and Eglon in the Bible says,
in talking about the spread of Social-
ism in other places, that "Lexington
is still in the woods." He is mighty
right. "Inter silvas academi quærimus
verum."

The Doctor's theology is all right,
but when he comes into Dog Fennel,
with his now-fangled Cincinnati poli-
tics, there will be the devil to pay
and outdills of pitch hot.

The slogan of the Socialists is that
"the rich are getting richer and the
poor are getting poorer." It is not
half as true in this neck of the woods
as that "the rich are getting poorer,
and the poor are getting richer," and
I am one of the has beens that is
getting poorer, while my dear neigh-
bor, a nigger, named Charles Moore
Garner, who used to belong to me,
to de war, has got a barrel of money
and has a bay window on him that
looks like he carried his barrel on
the inside of him.

I have a neighbor named Haggin—
don't know what his first name is
and don't care.

Haggin was a poor Irishman. While
fellows like Bob Ingersoll and Wilson
and I were cursing the Christians,
Haggin got tired of being poor and he
went away, out West somewhere;
but he didn't go on some other fel-
low's claim and "make him divide."

He staked off a fresh place of his
own as the law allowed and he dug
up \$60,000,000 worth of copper and
swapped the copper for gold and
green backs, and got back here
with the swag, and, in sight of
my shack he built him just a
little affair of a summer residence
that cost \$250,000, and not long ago
he gave a little shindig at the house
that cost \$15,000 and sent a card over
to my shack that told me about it,
and any man who says that Haggin
has not just as much right to sit there
plunks and sweet Williams, to have
and to hold in fee simple, for him and
his heirs and assigns for ever, and
ever, Amen, as I have to the 40 cents
that is all the money in God's world
that I have, or seem likely to have,
he has not as much right to it as
Wilson has to the money with which
he buys his cigars.

No, it ain't true, nor 1,000 miles of
true, that "all Socialists are free-
thinkers," and the Doctor can't find in
the whole world, a single Socialist paper
that will back him in any such state-
ment, and the December issue of Wil-
shire's Magazine, edited by a million-
aire Socialist crank, has as rotten
religion in it, and as much of it, as
can be found in the last issue of the
Christian Standard, the Campbellite
bazzoo that is blown at Cincinnati.

Franklin, Ill.—Please put me down
for Dog Fennel. I never did like the
smell of it much, but it may smell
better coming from God's country.
I hope you will have a nice trip.
Please bring me a souvenir from the
cave that Lot and his daughters took
refuge in.—JAS. H. ROBERTS.

Cincinnati, O.—I see by the date on
my Blade that my time is very near
at hand, and as it is looked for with
great delight by myself and others
who call, and I do not wish to miss
a single number, did \$1.00 to pay for
it.

Also list my name for Dog Fennel.
If my health does not give out, I shall
be at the Lexington Congress of the
N. L. P.

Accept my very best wishes, and
may you make your trip to the Bible
land and may you be as determined
with that firm step, where angels fear
to tread, and, if by accident, you
should get into a debate with some
of those Gods, give it to them as you
do some of these pretenders here.

H. W. HENDRICKS, M. D.

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